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From the Horse's Mouth



mylittlepony

toy

mlp

127 3 7

Chapter 1 by SaintSayaka

For the past twenty four years, your main revenue has come from painting and remodeling old My Little Pony figurines. It's a lucrative trade. Visit Goodwill, buy a bag of the discarded ones that some child has carelessly scribbled permanent marker over, and have at it.

It's very relaxing, and has been a very unique way to express your creativity. You've made them into superheroes. Politicians. Clever puns. Literary characters.

What you didn't make them do is start talking to you.

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



At first, you figure it's the stir crazy side of you coming through. Your last venture outside was to buy more ponies, and that was, what, a week ago? So as they yell and chatter on your shelves, you quietly slip away to your bed for a much needed nap. Your eyes are bleary with sleep, and you're about to go under, when you feel a shift kick to your heel. You yelp loudly, jumping about a foot into the air and off of the bed. A small plastic horse with folded clay wings emerges. His eyes are completely gone, wiped away by an acrylic-soaked swab. It's a common tactic you use

when you want to paint in new eyes.

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"H-help me," he begs, blindfolded, before

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Believing what you're seeing is not easy. Painting, on the other hand, is

Chapter 3 by SaintSayaka



When you wake up, your hands are in binds. You squirm and fight, but with your chest to the ground and with little leverage they hold fast, not willing to let you go.

Is this their handiwork? At the very least, you can swivel your head. Nothing as far as the eye can see, but for these cleverly crafted knots.

Coughing from the distance breaks the silence, and you anxiously turn to meet the source. Whoever it is, they're keeping their distance.

"Listen here, princess," the voice finally speaks, "you're going to fix me up. And you're going to fix me up now."

Chapter 4 by Saranya ~ HEROES OF LIMBO (PM me to join!)



A mangled, twisted horse emerges from the deep darkness of your consciousness. You blink at it.

"I need you to fix my body," the mangled horse says.

"You can talk?" You say in disbelief.

The horse snorted. "Of course! We've been talking since, what, two years ago?"

You look around at the horses surrounding you. "What do you want from me?"

A chorus of voices begin to shout their problems out. "I need my eyes fixed; I look terrible; My foot is broken; I can't run with these broken hooves; I need my parts tightened-"

"Ok, ok!" You shout. "I'll fix all those problems. But first, untie me."

The mangled horse, which seems to be the leader of the ponies, steps forward, then motions to a few smaller ponies to untie your binds.

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You sigh. *This is going to be a long day.*

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